light and shadow, late, after the others had gone up to bed. It is so warm that we are not even wearing coats. My heart is affectionate and ready to melt, I wish so much that Albert would not die in despair.

Rene wanted me to invent some fairy-tale to explain my arrival. What a mortal fear of hurting one another in that family!

I arrive. Albert is there in bed, waiting for me.

"Oh, why did you come?" he exclaims, smiling. I sense that he is almost embarrassed not to be more seriously ill. I embrace him.

"But your letter frightened me, old man. I have come to reassure myself."

He takes my hand and squeezes it softly.

**I should have done the same/*

Tired out from trying to sleep, he gets up; he wanders along the deserted corridors. In vain he seeks the sleep that would be his salvation. His thought flutters within him like the sail abandoned by every propitious wind. And while the night wanes, he listens to his strength ebbing slowly within him.

15 *October. Back in Paris*

Traveled with a seventeen-year-old tramp, the son of a Douai tinsmith who had come to Havre to ship out as a cabin-boy. The ship for which he had a recommendation had left for Brazil a month ago. After vain attempts to sail on other ships, he was getting ready to return to his home town.

I fear that Paris will delay his return. He has eighteen francs in his pocket, to which I add two francs to pay the cab that will take him to *a friend of his parents, a warrant officer who lives Place de la Republique." His parents do not expect his return. And I am aware that he is rather amused to arrive alone and free in Paris with twenty francs that will be stolen at his first stop. I do not leave him until I have seen him get into

his cab.

Curious, the psychology of the vagrant I should have great difficulty in defining it, yet I glimpse the rather special nature of the mania. Violently interested by that youngster (especially compared with the few other tramps I have already met). I am beginning to grasp the essential common features. But still impossible to define exactly.

Tuesday morning at de Max's. I find Lugne-Poe there; as always, seeming at one and the same time both querulous and ferocious; the manner of someone whose feet have been trodden on. He has no sooner left the room than de Max exclaims: *And now that the humbug of Paris has left, my friend, I am the most unhappy man on earth. X. shot himself in the chest last night"